

THE SATURDAY

Saturday



Magazine.

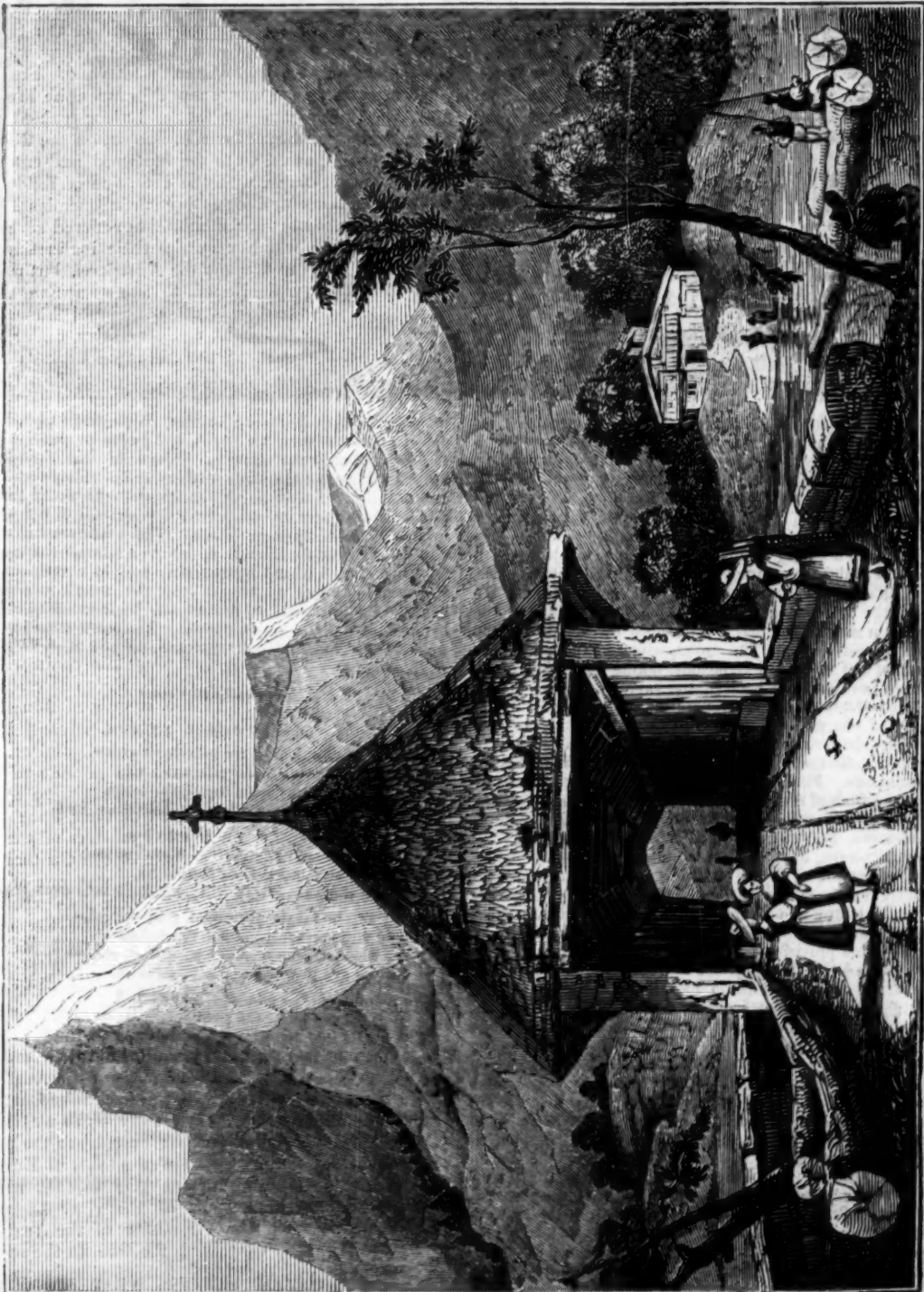
Nº 212.

OCTOBER

24TH, 1835.

PRICE
ONE PENNY.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE COMMITTEE OF GENERAL LITERATURE AND EDUCATION
APPOINTED BY THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.



BRIDGE OVER THE MOUOTTA, IN SWITZERLAND.

THE VALLEY OF THE MOUOTTA, IN SWITZERLAND.

THE Mouottathal is a valley of Switzerland, situated in the canton of Schwytz; it derives its name from the river Mouotta, by which it is watered, and which flows into the Lake of Lucerne, or the Waldstätter See, between three and four miles, in a direct line, to the westward of the town, or rather village, of Schwytz, the capital of the canton. The length of this valley is nine or ten miles, and its direction is pretty nearly from west to east. It has all the appearances of fertility, and its smiling landscape is set off by the contrast of a stupendous rampart of mountains, which screen it, though not too closely, on almost every side. Towards its eastern extremity is the village of Mouotta, a small collection of cottages, possessing a church, which, for a long time, held the second rank in the canton, and used to be visited by numerous pilgrims from the neighbouring territories of Uri and Unterwalden. The eastern boundary of the valley is the lofty mount Praghel, which stretches also along a portion of its northern side; this mountain here forms the limit between the cantons of Schwytz and Glaris, sloping down upon the side of the latter into the Klonthal, or valley of the little river Klon.

The entrance to this valley is between two and three miles from the town of Schwytz; it begins near a little village bearing the name of Schönenbuch. The most direct communication between the towns of Schwytz and Glaris, is by the Mouottathal; the road passes through the whole length of the valley, then to the summit of the Praghel, and down its opposite slope into the Klonthal, traversing the whole length also of this latter valley, which extends to within a short distance of Glaris. The difficulties of this route are very great; the passage of the mountain is an especially arduous task. Simond crossed it, and performed the whole journey between Glaris and Schwytz: he speaks in strong terms of the labour which attended its accomplishment. A considerable time was spent in the ascent of the Praghel, which rose from the Klonthal, "in all its pride, craggy, bare, and gray;" the summit was deserted by all living creatures except the birds of prey, "now hovering over its precipices, while their keen glance explored every secret recess; then gliding obliquely down on motionless wings, yet swift as thought in pursuit of some imperceptible object." The descent of the opposite slope, towards the valley of the Mouotta, is by a very steep winding path, or rather a succession of slippery steps coarsely cut into the rock; down this precarious way, horses and mules laden with a weight of more than two hundred pounds will manage to find a passage, often with their hind feet above the level of their ears, and occasionally, indeed, placed in such situations as to need the driver to assist them and hold them back by the tail.

Coxe mentions, in reference to this valley, a curious circumstance which was communicated to him by General Pfyffer, the same patient ingenious old man whose model in relief of a large portion of Switzerland we described in a notice of the town of Lucerne*. As a proof of the astonishing confidence mutually entertained by the inhabitants, the general pointed out to him, "on each side of the road that runs through the valley of Mouotta, in the canton of Schwytz, several ranges of small shops, uninhabited, yet filled with various goods, of which the prices are marked; any passengers who wish to become purchasers, enter the shops, take away the merchandise and deposit the price, which the owners call for in

the evening." We find no mention of this very comfortable mode of doing business in more recent writers; it passed away, probably, with those days of pastoral simplicity in which alone it could prevail, and which certainly did exist at no very remote period in some of the more retired among the Swiss valleys.

This valley, however, derives its chief interest from the sanguinary scenes of which it was the theatre at the close of the last century; like many other parts of Switzerland, till that time as little known, its peaceful retirement was then rudely disturbed by the fierce encounter of hostile armies. At the close of the year 1798, the ancient government of the Swiss was no longer in existence, and their territory was in the hands of the republican soldiers of France. Soon afterwards war was renewed between the French and Austrians; and the latter, having gained the decisive victory of Stockach, in Suabia, on the 21st of March, 1799, passed on to the westward, and entered Switzerland in force, with the intention of following up their success and expelling their enemies from that country. Its poor inhabitants suffered severely in the struggle which ensued; their inclination in general led them to support the Austrians, but many were compelled by the French to take up arms against them. To use the words of a national historian, Zschokke, "Swiss fought against Swiss, under the banners both of Austria and France; tumults and revolts, sometimes occasioned by carrying into effect the act of conscription, sometimes from the desire of favouring the Austrian arms, prevailed in every direction. * * * In the mean time, in the valleys in the highest Alps, and on the shores of the lakes, the din of foreign arms was heard; one field of battle was left reeking close to another, and men and horses were seen traversing mountain-ridges known hitherto only to the chamois-hunter. Never, since the occupation of the country by the Romans, the Allemanni, and Burgundians, had Switzerland experienced such overwhelming misery."

The success of the contending armies was varied; the Grison country, and that mountain-chain which includes the sources of the Rhine, were successively lost and won by both. In the month of June the Austrians, everywhere victorious, had advanced on the south to the pass of the St. Gothard, and on the north to the town of Zürich and the borders of the Rhine. By the middle of August they were again driven back on the southern part of their line; and the French remained undisputed masters of the St. Gothard, and of nearly the whole of the Cantons of Schwytz and Uri. The Mouottathal was one of the districts from which the Austrians were thus expelled, and their efforts to retain it were among the most strenuous which they displayed. They took post on the bridge at the village of Mouotta, and bravely repulsed the body of French troops sent to attack them by the right bank of the river; of course, when a second came up along the left bank, and placed them between two fires, they could hold their station no longer. Soon afterwards the mass of the Austrian forces quitted Switzerland, with the Archduke Charles, to take the field in Germany; their place was supplied by 30,000 Russians, who succeeded to the position which they had occupied in the town of Zürich, on the northern border of the lake of that name, and on the northern bank of the river Limmat. General Hotze, with the remainder of the Austrian force, 29,000 men, continued the line to the south, on the banks of the Linth. Immediately to the westward were the French, under their able leader,

* See Saturday Magazine, Vol. VII., p. 99.

Massena; their principal strength was gathered upon the Albis, and upon the high ground whence they could watch their opponents about Zürich.

For more than three weeks after the change had been effected, both armies remained in a state of inactivity; but, in the mean while, the allies had been occupied in the formation of a project, which they fondly hoped would lead to the expulsion, if not the annihilation of the French force. The famous Suwarrow, the conqueror of the Poles and the Turks, was then, with nearly 20,000 Russians, in the north of Italy, where he had been reaping fresh laurels from his successes against the French; if he could be brought with his veteran troops into Switzerland, it was thought that the most sanguine results might fairly be anticipated. Accordingly it was arranged that he should cross the Alps by the pass of the St. Gothard, and march at once northward into Massena's rear; the troops in his front were to remain quiet until this manoeuvre was executed, when the French would find themselves placed between two armies.

Suwarrow forced the St. Gothard on the 24th of September, driving before him the French troops who attempted to obstruct his passage; he arrived on the 26th at Altorf, and finding the banks of the Lucerne or Waldstetten lake to be impracticable, he boldly determined to force his way across the mountains into the valley of the Mouotta, which would lead him to the heart of the canton of Schwytz. There was no known route by which he could traverse the intervening tract of country; but the bold Russian was not to be deterred, and he resolved to explore one. He first penetrated through the Schachenthal—then through the Kientzighthal; next he crossed the mountain called the Kientzighoum, and descended into a narrow valley, or rather water-course, which led him into the Mouottathal, through the opening which lies opposite to the village of Mouotta. "The shepherds of the Alps," says Ebel, "never speak but with admiration of the passage of the Russians over the Kientzighoum,—a summit on which no other beast is accustomed to tread but the goat, and which is visited by no human being save the herdsman and the chamois-hunter." "Probably no traveller," said a Swiss guide to a writer we have before quoted, "had ever before passed the Kientzighoum from Altorf to the Mouottathal; the very shepherds take off their shoes, and hold by their hands, where armies marched during that memorable campaign. The precipices were strewn with bodies of fallen soldiers; not a mossy rock beside a running spring, that had not been chosen by some of them to lay down his head and die; and when, in the ensuing year, the melting of the snows left the corpses uncovered, the ravenous birds of prey became so dainty that they fed their young only with the eyes!"

Suwarrow reached the village of Mouotta, with the main body of his army, on the 27th of September; and bitter must have been his mortification then, to learn that all his combinations had been ruined; that Massena, well apprised of the project of getting into his rear, had put 50,000 troops into motion on the very day the St. Gothard was forced, and attacked the armies in his front—that Hotze was killed, and his successor Petrarch in full flight to the Rhine,—and that Korsakow, leaving Zürich, had been defeated in a murderous conflict, and was also retreating in the direction of that river. The defeat of this latter general was, indeed, complete,—thousands of his Russians being slain; and so unexpected was it, that Massena and his staff are said to have sat down to a sumptuous dinner which had been prepared in Zürich

at the house of the British minister, to celebrate the passage of the Alps by Suwarrow. Yet, in spite of this bad news, the boldness and energy of Suwarrow did not forsake him; he wrote to Korsakow, and his generals, that they should answer with their heads for every further step that they retreated;—"I am coming," he added, "to repair your faults." He marched quickly towards the opening of the Mouottathal, with the intent of passing round towards the east, and doing something to retrieve the posture of affairs; but his active enemies met him at its very mouth, not far from the town of Schwytz.

A desperate battle ensued, the chief scene of contention being the bridge which is represented in our engraving; the carnage at this point was terrible, and the torrent "was encumbered for several days with the bodies of the dead of both nations." The guide who conducted Simond to the top of the Mount Righi, gave him an animating description of these conflicts; from that summit, the entrance to the Mouottathal—"a narrow gorge between high mountains, with a torrent issuing out of it,"—was distinctly visible. The bridge was, he says, taken and retaken many times; "the mingled blood of the two nations crimsoned the stream which carried down their floating bodies." Suwarrow strove hard, and was very near forcing his way; at length he desisted, and turning round, sought a passage by the difficult route we have already described, over the Praghel to Glaris, harassed all the while by his enemies, who kept his rear continually fighting. When he reached the outlet of the valley of Glaris, he found it already occupied by the French; and having, therefore, explored another mountain route, he managed to reach the town of Coire in the Grisons, on the 4th of October, having lost one-fourth of his numbers in the eleven days which he had spent in marching and fighting since his departure from Italy.

The inhabitants of the Mouottathal were grievously injured by this war; Ebel tells us that at the commencement of the year 1800, between six and seven hundred of them—that is, three-fourths of their whole number—were reduced to such a state of indigence as to be obliged to inscribe their names on the list of the poor. The same was the case with one-fourth of the remaining population of the canton, so completely had its prosperity,—the work of 500 years of peace,—been destroyed in two short years of warfare. Many resorted to emigration; and hundreds of children were dispersed into other parts of Switzerland, there to find the shelter of which they had been deprived in their native valleys. Yet all this misery has now passed away; "Time," says Simond, "and patient industry, have effaced all traces of calamities seemingly so recent, and Schwytz appears at present one of the most prosperous of the Swiss cantons."

For that conceit, that learning should undermine the reverence for laws and government, it is assuredly a mere depravation and calumny, without any shadow of truth. For to say that a blind custom of obedience should be a surer obligation than duty taught and understood, is to affirm that a blind man may tread surer by a guide, than a seeing man can by a light. And it is without all controversy, that learning doth make the minds of men gentle, amiable, and pliant to government; whereas ignorance makes them churlish, thwarting, and mutinous; and the evidence of time doth clear this assertion, considering that the most barbarous, rude, and unlearned times have been most subject to tumults, seditions, and changes.—LORD BACON.

It is so pleasant to talk of one's self, that one had rather talk of one's faults than not talk of one's self at all.—HANNAH MORE.

EFFECTS OF LIGHTNING ON OAKS,
AND THE DISCOVERY OF VARIOUS FIGURES AND
EXTRANEOUS BODIES BURIED WITHIN THE
SUBSTANCE OF AGED TREES.

As far as the very imperfect records that we possess will allow of generalization, it appears that oaks are more frequently struck with lightning than other trees; and this circumstance, it would seem, has been less observed by naturalists than by poets. Shakspeare expressly alludes to this peculiarity, when he says,—

..... thought-executing fires,
'Vaunt couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts.

Whether this liability may be owing to their frequently superior height, or whether, as I suspect, the inferior conductibility of firs and other resinous woods may, in some measure, protect them, whilst the imperfect conducting power of the dense oak may be sufficient to attract, but not able to pass off harmlessly the atmospheric electricity, is not known. However this may be, oaks are thus frequently struck, and when

..... The dread rattling thunder
Rifts Jove's stout oak with his own bolt,

the devastation which the shock occasions is most surprising.

A short time after the accident, I saw, at Pinner, the ruins of a very fine oak, not arrived at maturity, perfectly sound and of the strongest kind, which had been struck by lightning during a violent tempest in July, 1828. The shock had entirely severed the whole of its majestic arms, just at their junction with the trunk, and scattered them around. The tree, which was about ten feet in girth, was completely stripped of its bark, and the body shivered from the cyme into the root. Perpendicular clefts passed into the heart-wood, and rent through the trunk in many places, so that splinters of six, eight, or ten feet long, by three or four inches thick, might be pulled out as billets would be pulled out of a faggot. The wood of trees sometimes suffers more than the bark; at others the bark is entirely stripped off, with little comparative injury to the wood. Occasionally the branches chiefly suffer, but more frequently they escape, while the trunk (as in this case,) is absolutely shattered, and the whole of its bark rent off, that of the boughs, and even the leaves, being wholly unaffected. In a similar manner we find the clothes of persons consumed by lightning, while their bodies remain unhurt; their bones shivered, while the softer parts are little injured; or the blade of a sword struck, while the scabbard escapes.

Of the force required to produce such destruction in less than a second of time, and to scatter fragments of wood of several pounds' weight each, to the distance of sixty, or even of eighty yards, some faint idea may be conceived, when it is known that a strip of good oak, three feet long, and only one inch square, will support a weight, suspended at the central point, of 330 pounds. Part of one of the splinters of the Pinner oak just mentioned, the cohesion of which was much diminished, and its strength, of course, much lessened, by the force of the thunder-shock, two feet long, and one and a quarter feet between the fulcral points, only one inch and a half by half an inch thick, and two and a half inches deep, easily supported 686 lbs.; 7 cwt. bent it slightly, and by adding three quarters more to the 7 cwt. it curved, though without fracture, about an inch downwards. To break a piece five inches square, and seven feet long, between the fulcral points, demanded a force of four tons, three quarters, and

seventeen pounds. Such was the result of a trial made on some oak of New Forest growth, at the command of the First Commissioner of His Majesty's Woods; the lightning having, in the storm already noticed, struck a fine oak in an elevated part of Ytene, and rent out a very long strip, of about two inches wide by one in thickness, from its very heart; nearly one quarter of the tree was forced away from the body, and several of the massy limbs of the upper part driven, as it were, from the sockets, a distance of several feet.

Trees thus casually struck by lightning have sometimes excited much astonishment, from letters, figures, &c., being found engraven in the heart-wood, often at a foot from the surface, and as much from the centre. Crucifixes, images of the virgin, and other extraneous matters, have been also found in the like situations. In the church of the White Nuns, of the order of St. Augustin, at Maestricht, there is preserved the figure of a crucifix, said to have been found in the heart of a walnut-tree on its being split by lightning.

Trees which have been felled for economical purposes, often exhibit the same curious circumstances. In the year 1816, when some trees were removed on the enclosure of the waste land at Smallberry-green, bordering the footway of the great western road, and nearly opposite the mansion of the late Sir Joseph Banks, a gold ring about the weight of a wedding ring, rather flat and broad, with the following inscription,

Constancy is a noble vertu,

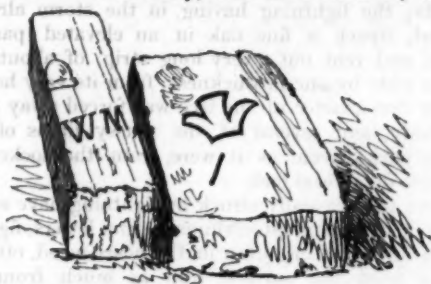
rudely engraven on the inside, was found embedded in the root of an elm-tree. Sir Hans Sloane also had in his museum a log of wood, brought from the East Indies, which, on being split, exhibited these words in Portuguese, *Da boa ora, i. e., Dei (Deus) bonam horam*. Jacobus Jaffarellus, among his unheard of curiosities, tells of a tree found in Holland, "which being cut to pieces by a wood-cleaver, had in one part of it the figure of a chalice, in another that of a priest's albe, in another that of a stole, and in a word there were represented very near all the ornaments belonging to a priest. Furthermore, Hayman Rooke mentions, that on cutting down some trees in the Hays of Birkland and Bilhagh in Sherwood Forest, letters, &c., were found within the wood of several, marking the king's reign; and fac-similes of his figures are given in our engravings. In one tree were found several letters, and among them I. R., for James Rex. The following cut shows the hollow



which the letters originally formed, and the next the same letters reversed and in relief, being the layers of new wood which covered the old, and filled



up the depressions which the knife had made. In another tree there was found a crown with W. M., for William and Mary, and in a third I., with a



crown like the old crown, in prints of King John. The tree containing W. M. was cut down in 1785; the letters were nine inches within the tree, and three feet three inches from the centre: the letter I. was eighteen inches within the surface, and above a foot from the centre.

These circumstances, which at first were thought astonishing, and by many deemed miraculous, will admit of ready explanation if we consider the manner in which the annual growth of wood in most European trees takes place, and the relative situations in which the successive strata are deposited. All our native trees, and, indeed, a vast variety of vegetables are what botanists name *exogene*, or *outside growing* plants; i. e., the leaves and rootlets, both of which last but a year, and are annually reproduced, communicate with each other by a double series of vessels extending through the whole plant, and forming, in fact, its wood and bark. In plants of one year old there is only a single layer of each; but in perennial woody plants, although the leaves are shed yearly, the layers of wood and bark remain, and form a case and mould, between which a similar double series of new vessels are seated, which establish a similar communication from the roots to the leaves of the succeeding year. This process is continually going on, each successive crop of leaves having a successive double series of vessels running to and from the rootlets, forming what is called the new wood and new bark; and always deposited outside the old wood-vessels, which form the *duramen*, i. e., the old or heart-wood, and within the old bark vessels which form the *volumen*, i. e., the old or outer bark. These successive layers, which increase the diametric bulk of trees, are well seen in transverse sections of wood, forming many concentric circles, and from counting the number, a shrewd guess may be ventured as to the age of a tree: there are, however, exceptions and sources of error in such a computation.

If an injury be done to the bark and wood of any certain year, say in a tree of a foot in girth, the layers of each succeeding year will cover in the wound of the wood, and stretch wider the wound in the bark, and in the course of ten or a dozen seasons, if the injury has not been very extensive, there will be a series of ten or twelve layers of wood over the first injured stratum, and by the same time the old bark will have cracked, or more or less peeled off, or have so much widened by the increase of the trunk within it, as to have obliterated the external injury. These gradations may be seen in almost every copse, for love, mischief, or rustic ambition will cut initials and many devices upon trees, which, when afterwards discovered, excite much village wonder.

The letters and figures referred to, owed their origin, without doubt, to such causes. The initials and crowns of John, and William and Mary, discovered in the oaks of Sherwood, were probably cut by the

foresters in the respective monarchs' reigns; and the W. and M. being found only nine inches within the tree, and the I. eighteen, confirms this conjecture. Rings, crucifixes, images, &c., &c., found in similar situations, have been enclosed in the like manner, after having been engraven in, or fixed to the trees from love, folly, or devotion.

The writer has several specimens showing wounds thus enclosed, and cavities formed, and often dead branches of trees, when small, are included in a similar manner, and grown over by the parent trunk. Queen Anne's and Queen Charlotte's oaks in Windsor forest, both of which have had brass plates, with commemorative inscriptions thereon, fixed to them, might be given as further illustrations; over the edges of the plates, the yearly increasing bark has already made considerable encroachments, and in due course of time will progressively enclose the whole. To this process do we owe that more knotted and variegated texture of the central parts of planks, on which much of the beauty of heart-wood depends; for the abortive buds and nodes of young trees which had not energy sufficient to evolve themselves as branches, form knurls, and their relics or rudiments, in a variety of contortions, are thus enclosed and buried in the hearts of aged trees. Dr. Plot mentions an instance of this kind, but more extraordinary, in which a living shrub was in part enclosed by an ancient oak at Drayton Bassett: the thorn, he says, seems to pass through it in several places. Several examples are likewise on record, in which birds' nests containing eggs, and even living animals, such as toads, have been, like Ariel, imprisoned in the solid substance of various trees.

One of the most extraordinary instances of such enclosures of foreign bodies, is that recorded by Sir John Clarke, who thus writes:—

"Being lately in Cumberland, I there observed three curiosities in Wingfield Park, belonging to the Earl of Thanet; the first was a huge oak, at least sixty feet high, and four feet in diameter, on which the last great thunder had made a very odd impression; for a piece was cut out of the tree, about three inches broad, and two inches thick, in a straight line from top to bottom. The second was, that in another tree of the same height, the thunder had cut out a piece of the same breadth and thickness, from top to bottom, in a spiral line, making three turns about the tree, and entering into the ground about six feet deep. The third was, the horn of a large deer found in the heart of an oak, which was discovered on cutting down the tree; it was found fixed in the timber by large iron cramps: it seems, therefore, that it had been first fastened on the outside of the tree which in growing afterwards, had enclosed the horn." This last is, indeed, one of the most astonishing circumstances of the kind known; it is, with only one exception the largest extraneous body ever discovered thus buried, as it were, in the living substance of a tree.

The other case to which allusion is made, is a specimen now in the museum at Berlin, (and of which an account was given to the writer by a Polish nobleman who had seen it,) of a stag's head with horns, &c., enclosed in the same way in the body of a tree which grew in Poland.

If these things had been seen by those persons who imagined the letters, figures, &c., referred to above, the "sport of nature," they must rather have confessed them to be the sport of some idle hand; and still less ground would there have been left for the superstitious credulity of those who ascribed their origin to a still higher cause.

G. T. B.

THE STORY OF HACHO, KING OF LAPLAND.

HACHO, a king of Lapland, was in his youth the most renowned of the northern warriors. His martial achievements remain engraved on a pillar of flint, in the rocks of Hanga, and are to this day, solemnly carolled to the harp by the Laplanders, at the fires with which they celebrate their nightly festivities. Such was his intrepid spirit, that he ventured to pass the lake Vether to the Isle of Wizards, where he descended alone into the dreary vault in which a magician had been kept bound for six ages, and read the Gothic characters inscribed on his brazen mace. His eye was so piercing, that, as ancient chronicles report, he could blunt the weapons of his enemies only by looking at them. At twelve years of age, he carried an iron vessel of a prodigious weight, for the length of five furlongs, in the presence of all the chiefs of his father's castle.

Nor was he less celebrated for his prudence and wisdom. Two of his proverbs are yet remembered and respected among Laplanders. To express the vigilance of the Supreme Being, he was wont to say, *Odin's belt is always buckled*. To show that the most prosperous condition of life is often hazardous, his lesson was, *When you slide on the smoothest ice, beware of pits beneath*. He consoled his countrymen, when they were once preparing to leave the frozen deserts of Lapland, and resolved to seek some warmer climate, by telling them, that the eastern nations, notwithstanding their boasted fertility, passed every night amidst the horrors of anxious apprehension, and were inexcessibly affrighted, and almost stunned, every morning, with the noise of the sun while he was rising.

His temperance and severity of manners were his chief praise. In his early years he never tasted wine; nor would he drink out of a painted cup. He constantly slept in his armour, with his spear in his hand; nor would he use a battle-axe whose handle was inlaid with brass. He did not, however, persevere in this contempt of luxury; nor did he close his days with honour.

One evening, after hunting the gulos, or wild-dog, being bewildered in a solitary forest, and having passed the fatigues of the day without any interval of refreshment, he discovered a large store of honey in the hollow of a pine. This was a dainty which he had never tasted before; and being at once faint and hungry, he fed greedily upon it. From this unusual and delicious repast, he received so much satisfaction, that, at his return home, he commanded honey to be served up at his table every day. His palate, by degrees, became refined and vitiated; he began to lose his native relish for simple fare, and contracted a habit of indulging himself in delicacies; he ordered the delightful gardens of his castle to be thrown open, in which the most luscious fruits had been suffered to ripen and decay, unobserved and untouched, for many revolving Autumns, and gratified his appetite with luxurious desserts. At length he found it expedient to introduce wine, as an agreeable improvement, or a necessary ingredient, to his new way of living; and having once tasted it, he was tempted, by little and little, to give a loose to the excesses of intoxication. His general simplicity of life was changed; he perfumed his apartments by burning the wood of the most aromatic fir, and commanded his helmet to be ornamented with beautiful rows of the teeth of the rein-deer. Indolence and effeminacy stole upon him by pleasing and imperceptible gradations, relaxed the sinews of his resolution, and extinguished his thirst of military glory.

While Hacho was thus immersed in pleasure and in repose, it was reported to him, one morning, that the preceding night, a disastrous omen had been discovered, and that bats and hideous birds had drunk up the oil which nourished the perpetual lamp in the temple of Odin. About the same time, a messenger arrived to tell him that the King of Norway had invaded his kingdom with a formidable army. Hacho, terrified as he was with the omen of the night, and enervated with indulgence, roused himself from his voluptuous lethargy, and re-collecting some faint and few sparks of veteran valour, marched forward to meet him. Both armies joined battle in the forest where Hacho had been lost after hunting; and it so happened, that the King of Norway challenged him to single combat near the place where he had tasted the honey. The Lapland chief, languid and long disused to arms, was soon overpowered; he fell to the ground; and before his insulting adversary struck his head from the body, uttered this exclamation, which the Laplanders still use as an

early lesson to their children: "The vicious man should date his destruction from the first temptation. How justly do I fall a sacrifice to sloth and luxury, in the place where I first yielded to those allurements which seduced me to deviate from temperance and innocence! The honey which I tasted in this forest, and not the hand of the King of Norway, conquers Hacho."

[THOMAS WARTON, in the *Idler*]

To pardon those absurdities in ourselves which we cannot suffer in others, is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves, than to have others so.—SWIFT.

To make our reliance upon Providence both pious and rational, we should, in every great enterprise we take in hand, prepare all things with that care, diligence, and activity, as if there were no such thing as Providence for us to depend upon; and again, when we have done all this, we should as wholly and humbly rely upon it, as if we had made no preparations at all. And this is a rule of practice which will never fail, or shame any who shall venture all that they have or are upon it,—for, as a man, by exerting his utmost force in any action or business, has all that human strength can do for him therein, so, in the next place, by quitting his confidence in the same, and placing it only in God, he is sure of all that Omnipotence can do in his behalf.—SOUTH.

THE DOWNWARD TENDENCY OF BAD MEN.—If a man is not rising upwards to be an angel, depend upon it he is sinking downwards to be a devil. He cannot stop at the beast. The most savage men are not beasts; they are worse, a great deal worse.—COLERIDGE.

THE pure, the simple, the rational enjoyments of man, seems to be one great end in the creation; and if man finds so much to admire in the works of the Creator, how much more must those beings find who can understand them better than he. Increased knowledge must be increase of admiration.—DANBY.

A CONTENTED mind is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy in this world; and if in the present life his happiness arises from the subduing of his desires, it will arise in the next from the gratification of them.

A GREAT Author says, "Is there a God to swear by, and is there none to believe in, none to trust to?"

THE YEARLY MEETING OF THE CHILDREN IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

THE writer of the following lines has endeavoured to embody in verse the thoughts which suggested themselves to his own mind, and probably to the minds of others, on the last occasion of the meeting of the Charity Schools in St. Paul's Cathedral. It is calculated that about eighteen thousand persons (including the six thousand children) were present. And who that listened to the chorus of praise ascending from so large a multitude of infant voices, could be unmoved by the impressive and affecting scene?

BENEATH the spacious Dome I stood:
Ten thousand tongues were telling
God's praises; and methought 'twas good
To be thus within His dwelling.

And high above me, and around,
In their appointed station,
Thick ranks of little children crown'd
That goodly congregation.

'Twas CHRISTIAN ENGLAND'S CHARITY,
With her throng of sons and daughters,
Whose mingled voices came to me
Like the sound of many waters!

And whilst they hymn'd the glorious truth,
That which alike remaineth
The covenant of age and youth,
"The LORD, the SAVIOUR REIGNETH*,"

It seem'd as though each infant tongue
Made there its first endeavour
To sing th' undying song, that's sung
Before the Throne for ever!

June 4, 1835.

M.

* "HALLELUJAH! FOR THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH."

THE ABBEY OF GLASTONBURY.

II.

AN account has been already given of the rise and prosperous days of the Abbey of Glastonbury. We have now to view a different picture. The last abbot, as was before noted, was Richard Whiting. He lived in those unhappy days when the accumulated treasures of ages, which had been derived to the church from the bounty of kings and nobles, were appropriated to secular purposes, being made to gratify the cupidity of rapacious courtiers. It appears that at that period, many abbots, influenced by motives of personal hope or fear, tendered their resignations. But this was not the course pursued by Whiting. He refused to surrender his abbey to King Henry the Eighth, and would not lend an ear to any of the solicitations offered him. He was consequently seized, on a false pretence, and without much formal process as to law or equity, was dragged on a hurdle to the Tor Hill, where, without the least regard to his age, his sanctity, or his entreaties to be allowed to revisit his abbey, he was hanged, and his head set upon the abbey gate, and the four quarters of his body sent to Wells, Bath, Ilchester, and Bridgewater. Like several of his brother abbots, he seems to have been accused of having appropriated portions of the conventual plate to the support of the rebels who were then making head against the king in the north of the country*, and consequently was attainted of treason.

The Abbey itself, as might be supposed, did not long survive the fate of its spirited superior. It met the same doom which fell on other similar institutions. That the monastic establishments, with all their faults, and they were neither few nor inconsiderable, were, even in their latest and worst days, the sources of great benefits to society, cannot well be denied†. It is certain also that they might even then have been made still to yield to the community at large most essential blessings, could they have been preserved, but properly reformed. "Latimer," indeed, "with his honest earnestness entreated that two or three in every shire might be continued, not in monkery, he said, but as establishments for learned men, and such as would go about preaching and giving religious instruction to the people, and for the sake of hospitality‡." But the rapacity of the king's favourites was to be gratified, and consequently, the monasteries and their property were devoted to their fate. Amongst others the estates of this noble establishment were either granted or sold away.

The merciless destruction (observes Mr. Southey,) with which this violent transfer of property was accompanied, remains a lasting and ineffaceable reproach upon those who partook the plunder, or permitted it. Who can call to mind, without grief and indignation, how many magnificent edifices were overthrown in this undistinguishing havoc, the noblest works of architecture, and the most venerable monuments of antiquity, each the blessing of the surrounding country, and collectively the glory of the land! Glastonbury, which was the most venerable of all, even less for its undoubted age, than for the circumstances connected with its history, and which in beauty and sublimity of structure was equalled by few, surpassed by none, was converted by Somerset, after it had been stripped and dilapidated, into a manufactory, where refugee weavers, chiefly French and Walloons, were to set up their trade. He had obtained it from the crown by one of those exchanges which were little less advantageous than a grant. By pious protestants, as well as papists, the abbey-lands were believed to carry with them the curse which their first donors imprecated upon all who should divert them from

the purposes whereunto they were consecrated; and no instance was this opinion more accredited than in that of the Protector Somerset§.

The foundation plot upon which this vast fabric and its immense range of offices were erected, included a space of not less than sixty acres, and was surrounded on all sides by a lofty wall of wrought freestone. The principal building, the great Abbey-church, consisted of a nave of 220 feet in length, and 45 in breadth; a choir of 155 feet; and a transept of nearly 160 feet; and with the chapel of St. Joseph of Arimathea, which stood at its west end, 110 feet in length by 24 in breadth, its extreme length measured the vast extent of 530 feet. Adjoining the church on the south side, was a noble cloister, forming a square of 220 feet. The church contained five chapels,—St. Edgar's, St. Mary's, St. Andrew's, the chapel of Our Lady of Loretto, and the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre. Under the body of the church were three large crypts, supported by two rows of massive pillars, in which lay entombed the remains of many of the most illustrious personages, and under St. Joseph's Chapel was another large and handsome crypt, having, in one of its angles, an arched passage, which is said to have been traced for a considerable distance, and supposed by some to have led to the Tor. Of this vast range of buildings, scarcely a vestige is now to be seen, except some fragments of the Great Church, of St. Joseph's Chapel, and of the abbot's kitchen.

Two of the pillars that supported the tower, with part of the arch, and a few fragments of the south walls of the choir, are the whole of the conventual church now standing. There is, however, a sufficient specimen of the workmanship remaining in the arches of the windows, to authorize a belief that this edifice was in the best style of the later Norman. "It is wonderful," observes Dr. Maton, "that so stupendous a mass of building should have suffered such depredation and diminution within a period which innumerable others of inferior magnitude have survived almost unmolested."

St. Joseph's Chapel is pretty entire, excepting the roof and floor, and must be admired for the richness of the finishing, as well as for the great elegance of the design. The communication with the church was by a spacious portal. There are doors also to the north and south; one is ornamented with flower-work, the other with very elaborate flourishes and figures. The arches of the windows are semicircular, and adorned with the lozenge, zigzag, and embattled mouldings; underneath appear a series of compartments of interlaced semicircular arches, springing from slender shafts, and also ornamented with zigzag mouldings, and in their spandrels are roses, crescents, and stars. The style of the architecture seems to fix the date of its erection to the end of the eleventh, or the early part of the twelfth century.

The Abbot's kitchen is an octagonal building, four of its sides being filled by fire-places, each of which measures sixteen feet in length, and was surmounted by a chimney. Of the other four sides, two opposite to each other, are each occupied by a window, and the remaining two by doorways leading into it. The whole building with its pyramidal roof, is surmounted by a lantern. This curious structure is said to have been erected in the time of Henry the Eighth.

North-eastward of Glastonbury, on a very high hill, (that on which Abbot Whiting suffered,) stands the Tor, or Tower of St. Michael, probably erected in the fourteenth century, on the spot previously occupied by a more ancient building. It serves as a landmark to sailors in the Bristol

* This rising was named by some of its leaders "the holy alliance and blessed pilgrimage of grace."—SOUTHEY.

† In the early period of their history they were almost invaluable.

‡ SOUTHEY'S *Book of the Church*.

§ SOUTHEY'S *Book of the Church*.



RUINS OF GLASTONBURY ABBEY—THE ABBOT'S KITCHEN.

Channel; and is seen in clear weather to a very great distance in all directions.

• • • • • Even but now

I saw the hoary pile cresting the top
Of that north-western hill; and in this now
A cloud hath pass'd on it, and its dim bulk
Becomes annihilate—or if not, a spot
Which the strained vision tires itself to find.

And even so fares it with the things of earth
Which seem most constant: there will come the cloud
That shall unfold them up, and leave their place
A sent for emptiness. Our narrow ken
Reaches too far, when all that we behold
Is but the havoc of wide-wasting Time,
Or what he soon shall spoil. His outspread wings
(Which bear him like an eagle o'er the earth,)
Are plumed in front so downy soft, they seem
To foster what they touch, and mortal fools
Rejoice beneath their hovering: woe the while!
For in that indefatigable flight
The multitudinous strokes incessantly
Bruise all beneath their cope, and mark on all
His secret injury; on the front of man
Gray hairs and wrinkles; still as Time speeds on
Hard and more hard his iron pennons beat
With careless violence; nor overpass,
Till all the creatures of this nether world
Are one wide quarry: following dark behind,
The cormorant Oblivion swallows up
The carcasses that time has made his prey*.

On the south-west side of Glastonbury may be seen Weary-all Hill, which is supposed to have taken its name from a belief instilled into the minds of the ignorant in former days, that here St. Joseph and his companions sat down, *all weary* with their journey. From the stick also which Joseph stuck in the ground on that occasion, though then only a dry hawthorn staff, they say sprang the famous Glastonbury Thorn, which blossoms every year at Christmas.

The tree, which was considered the original stock, had, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, two trunks, or bodies, when a puritan exterminated one of them. The other, which was of the size of a common man, was still an object of wonder and attraction, and the blossoms were esteemed such curiosities by people of all nations, that the Bristol merchants made a

* Lewesdon Hill, by the Rev. William Crowe.

traffic of them, in exporting them to foreign parts. In the Great Rebellion, during the time of Charles the First, the remaining trunk of this tree was also cut down, but others derived from it then existed. Absurd as is the account of the origin of this thorn, still there can be no doubt that it really has much the same extraordinary property as that possessed by the oak at Cadenham, in the New Forest, of which a notice has been already given†. Dr. Maton says,—

I have never seen the Glastonbury Thorn in fructification, but all the botanists who have examined it in that state, agree that it is no other than the common *Crataegus monogyna*. It is a fact, however, that the shrub here flowers two or three months before the ordinary time, and sometimes as early as Christmas-day, O. S., whence I conjecture it must be at least a *variety* of the above species, which may have been introduced originally by some pilgrim or other from the East.

An intelligent correspondent of the *Gardeners' Magazine* thus writes on this subject:—

The unsatisfactory, and even contradictory, statements which occur in various works, both on systematic botany and on horticulture, respecting the Glastonbury Thorn, induce me to trouble you with this communication. Not that I consider myself able to give you full and satisfactory information on the subject, but I hope, at least, to be enabled, from very long residence in the neighbourhood, to describe with accuracy whatever is known with certainty at Glastonbury about the plant in question. The popish legend about the staff of Joseph of Arimathea, I may be permitted to pass over in silence, and, therefore, come at once to the thorn-tree now standing within the precincts of the ancient Abbey of Glastonbury; for there can be no doubt, that from this tree and its forefathers, (the present one being of great age,) all others of the kind had been propagated by budding or grafting. The most remarkable peculiarity of this tree, and in those descended from the same stock, is the time of flowering: it is now (December 31, 1832,) in blossom, and I transmit you a specimen for examination; it will again blossom in the month of May, and from these latter flowers fruit will be produced.

† See *Saturday Magazine*, Vol. III., p. 238.

LONDON.

JOHN WILLIAM PARKER, WEST STRAND.
Published in WEEKLY NUMBERS, PRICE ONE PENNY, AND IN MONTHLY PARTS,
PRICE SIXPENCE.